

*The History of*

*Pri.* Faith, tel me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto* Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England but hee would make you belecue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garmentes with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, & yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prince* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Trin.* Hot liuers, and cold purfes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstafse.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bone; how now my sweet creature of bobaft, how long is't ago, Iack, since thou sawest thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee: when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plagu of sighing & grieve, it blows a man vp like a bladder. There's villenous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Braby from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, & swore the deuill his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runns a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a sparrow flying,

*Henry th*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath g  
runne.

*Prince* Why what a rascal a  
running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuck  
afoote.

*Prince* Yes Iack, vpon instir

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instir  
Mordake, and a thousand ble  
away to night, thy fathers bea  
you may buy land now as chea

*Prin* Then tis like, if there  
buffeting hold, we shall buy  
nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the masse lad, thou sa  
good trading that way, but tell  
feard: thou being heire appa

our three such enemies againe.  
*Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*

doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Nor a whit yfaith, I l

*Fal.* Wel, thou wilt bee li  
thou comest to thy father: if th

*Prin.* Doe thou stand for m  
the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this ch  
ger my scepter, and this cushio

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for  
ter, for a leaden dagger, and thy  
titull bald crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of g  
now shalt thou bee moued. G  
mine eyes looke redde, that it  
for I must speake in passion, and  
vaine.

*Fal.*

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